

The Washington Times Magazine Page



The Inside of the Cup

A great serial
OF ROMANCE, MYSTERY, ADVENTURE
By Winston Churchill.

Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Cruise," and Many Other Novels of World-Wide Popularity.

"The Inside of the Cup," published serially here by permission of the Macmillan Company, and made into a photoplay by Cosmopolitan Productions, is released as a Paramount Aerial picture.

"CAN'T tell you how much I regret this, Phil," he said. "Charlotte has very strong convictions, you know, and so have I. You can understand, I am sure, how certain articles of belief might be necessary to one person and not to another."

"Yes," said Phil, "I can understand. We didn't mention the articles, Wallis." And he turned his back.

He never knew the pain he inflicted. Wallis Plimpton looked at the rector, who stood talking to Mr. Waring, and for the first time in his life recoiled from an overtone. Something in the faces of both men warned him away.

Even Everett Constable, as they went home in the cars together, was brief with him, and passed no comments when Mr. Plimpton recovered sufficiently to share on the justification of their act, and upon the extraordinary stand taken by Phil Goodrich and Mr. Waring. "They might have told us what they were going to do."

Everett Constable eyed him. "Would it have made any difference, Plimpton?" he demanded.

After that they rode in silence, until they came to the West End corner, where they both descended. Little Mr. Constable's sensations were, if anything, less enviable, and he had not Mr. Plimpton's recuperative powers. It had soiled that night, for a mess of pottage, the friendship and respect of three generations. And he had fought, for pay, against his own people. And lastly, there was Langmaid, whose feelings almost defy analysis. He chose to walk through the still night the four miles that separated him from his home. And he went back over the years of his life until he found, in the rubbish of the past, a forgotten and tarnished jewel. The discovery pained him. For that jewel was the ideal he had carried away, as a youth—from the old law school at the bottom of Hamilton Place—a gift from no less a man than the great lawyer and public-spirited citizen, Judge Henry Goodrich—Philip Goodrich's grandfather, whose seated statue marked the entrance of the library. He, Nelson Langmaid, had gone forth from that school resolved to follow in the footsteps of that man—but somehow he missed the path.

Somewhere the jewel had lost its offer, and a struggle—just one—had begun. The jewel was the world had changed since the days of Judge Goodrich, whose uncompromising figure had begun to fade; an exciting discovery that he, Nelson Langmaid, possessed the gift of drawing up agreements which had the faculty of passing magically through the meshes of the statutes.

Affluence had followed, and fame, and even that high office which the jurist himself had held, the presidency of the State Bar Association. In all that time, one remark, which he had tried to forget, had cut him to the quick. Bedloe Hubbell had said on the political platform that Langmaid got \$100,000 a year for keeping Eldon Parr out of jail.

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"Confound him!" he said aloud; "he has been a fool for once." I told him not to do it.

He stood at last in the ample vestibule of his house, singling out his latchkey, when suddenly the door opened, and his daughter, Helen, appeared.

"Oh, dad," she cried, "why are you so late? I've been waiting for you. I know you've let Mr. Hodder stay."

She gazed at him with widened eyes.

"Don't tell me that you've made him resign. I can't—I won't believe it."

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When Milady Leaves For The South

Republished by Special Arrangement With Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Magazine of the Home.



January and the wintry blast urge society to fly South to warmer climes, where the Cheruit cloak of gray wool velour de laine at the left blends delightfully with brighter skies. At the right is a tailored suit of cheviot in the new beige color. Its trimming consists of a light stitching at the seams and of leather buttons. In the centre a waist of white batiste, hand-made and hand-drawn.

Is Marriage a Success?

A RECIPE FOR HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Marriage is an entire success when both parties are willing to give and take. The trouble is to give, as a general rule, the sole object marriage has for a girl is to take her out of her father's house, and to provide him a housekeeper. This idea is wrong, all wrong; let each help the other to attain their highest point of efficiency, to build a home that will be a credit to the grand nation of ours and to rear sons and daughters in the proper way that they may carry on the work our forefathers started so worthily.

Let the girls lose their visions of dance halls and the like, and see instead the vision of sturdy, healthy children in a happy home which her clear mind and faithful heart has made possible.

Let the boys lose their visions of rowdy "good times" with "the bunch," bolstered "choir practice," and kindred youthful pastimes and devote themselves to the home they have a natural desire for, and the problem of being a strong arm for the woman they marry.

Have good times, yes! and lots of them, but don't sacrifice all the glorious future for a mistaken idea of a good time.

Make use of each little opportunity. "Live right," "think right," and "do your best," then marriage is

the success God intended it to be and our nation will be foremost among all the nations on earth in every possible way.

I am not an "old fogey," but a young married woman, who is learning more and more each day, first, how worth-while it is to observe the rules I have tried to express here.

H. A. F.

HOW ABOUT SNOORING?

To marry or not to marry has been raging since Noah's flood. In a book entitled "Rasselas," published in this country in 1810 the following propositions were elaborated:

Marriage has many pains but celibacy has no pleasures. Marriage is evidently the dictate of nature. Men and women are made to be companions of each other. Marriage is one of the means of happiness.

In all the entertaining letters on the subject there has been no mention of snoring. I think the public would be pleased to know whether that bad habit cuts any figure in the solution of the problem. We need evidence on everything pertaining to the case in order to form a correct judgment.

M. W.

NOT A PIECE OF FURNITURE.

The man, in the opinion of the writer, must continue to play the subject there has been no mention of snoring. I think the public would be pleased to know whether that bad habit cuts any figure in the solution of the problem. We need evidence on everything pertaining to the case in order to form a correct judgment.

The writer is not married. (Watch the married men rave and say "I thought so.")

(A Soldier), E. R. F.

Grow Thin Comfortably

As a matter of fact, one can be quite self-indulgent and still reduce his weight. The fat person may get thin while eating freely of all that galaxy of fresh fruits and berries which the market offers at its height, with the single exception of bananas. Bananas are fattening. Other fresh fruit is nourishing but tends little to increase the fatty tissues. He can, in fact, eat all the following materials and yet tend towards thinness.

Lean meats and fish (except pork, bacon, goose, sausage, shad, fresh salmon, sardines, mackerel), thin soups, eggs not cooked in grease, fresh fruit except bananas, dried fruits without sugar, berries, string beans, lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, asparagus, green peas, brussels sprouts, cauliflower, okra, onions, celery, watermelon, tomatoes, artichokes, spinach, squash, beets, turnips, oyster plant, fruit and vegetable salads, tea, coffee (sweetened), buttermilk, skimmed milk, lemonade, orangeade, ginger ale, dessert made of gelatin or Irish moss.—W. Atherton Du Puy in February Heart.

Plain Truths

The Reds are going to abolish money. They're late; our landlord has already abolished ours. An Oregon town is being run entirely by women. But then, what town isn't?

A Korean hunger-striker who lasted thirteen days. Which proves that the spud-eaters have it all over the rice-eaters.

In Kentucky a man married his mother-in-law. We'll say that's some home-brew!

The auctioneering of wives still occurs in some parts of the world. It is reported that auctioneers are frequently slain by successful bidders.

Every man's home is his castle, but the revenue agents carry the keys.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

HOME IS DREAMY.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-one years old. When I was nineteen, I married a musician. He was very popular and made good money. He has given me everything any girl wishes for, except his love and companionship. Now, Miss Fairfax, you know these are two essential points in any young girl's life.

When we were first married we were together all the time. Now I hardly see him. He tells me he is very busy playing. I have two cars, a beautiful home, three servants and plenty of cash. That leaves me but little to do at home.

I don't care for social life, my home is very dreary. My friends tell me I should stop worrying about my husband and go out with other fellows. I could never do this, as I love my husband too much. What shall I do?

UNDECIDED.

Your friends give very poor advice. There is so much good work in the world waiting to be done. If you don't care for the social butterfly life, why not become interested in activities of some children's home, some charitable work, hospital work, or something of this nature. Become deeply interested in some worth while work.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen years old and have been considered nice looking in both dress and form by young men and also by married men, which doesn't interest me at all.

I do not flirt nor misbehave and neither am I uninteresting, but can find fun in many ways. Still I don't seem to attract the opposite sex.

Some may think me stiff, but I don't mean to be. Really, Miss Fairfax, don't you think that if a great many girls wouldn't be so foolish the fellows would have more respect for those who not?

Of course, I do believe that the right one has not come along yet.

How you do enjoy all the good things which can be said of you! Of course you are stiff when in the presence of young men. You no doubt are thinking how good you are, and wondering if they appreciate it. Forget yourself. Begin to see the good points in the men you meet as well as the women. Become interested in them, instead of yourself, and perhaps you will prove interesting to others.

The right one, when he comes, won't recognize and doesn't want a goddess of goodness. He will want a good, human, honest-to-goodness girl.

Reading the Old Books

May Be Better
THAN READING THE NEWEST
By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A MAN's college or university is not always his true "alma mater." Often he owes more parental duty to the first school he attended; sometimes to the first books he independently read. I often think that the last is my case, and I keep some of those books—brown, broken-backed, with stained and tattered margins—and read them occasionally when I need a tonic. Their taste is like that of water from the old well; I appreciate it, perhaps, better than a stranger can. Memory mingles with my drinking.

There used to be a much-repeated adage, or a warning to wranglers: "Beware of the man of one book!" The theory of it was sound, and the habit that gave rise to it ought to be revived—if, indeed, it has ever really fallen into desuetude.

You will, perhaps, be told never to read old books of science, because science advances so rapidly in these days that a book of that kind is apt to become antiquated within a decade, or less. But if you go far enough back you will find that science sometimes walks in a circle. Besides there are some books of science that have to be read over again generation after generation, because even though they may have been discarded as up-to-date textbooks, they are, nevertheless, fundamental.

DARWIN'S "ORIGIN OF SPECIES."

Such a book is Darwin's "Origin of Species." The later architects of the building of which these works are foundation stones have modified some of its structural ideas, they have changed the chiselings, and often have changed much more than that, but still the first-laid blocks cannot be ignored.

Merely seeing by contrast the advances that have been made in a subject adds the comprehension of that subject. Everybody who wishes to have a broad view of the field of science should study it historically.

Such a work as Humboldt's "Cosmos" ought to be read over again generation after generation, because even though they may have been discarded as up-to-date textbooks, they are, nevertheless, fundamental.

I had the good fortune to read the "Cosmos" and to be fascinated by it when a young student. No professor told me to read it; I found it for myself, and once or twice in examinations it was of more use to me than the school text-books. I would advise any young man to read it yet today for the sake of its broad sweep and the human interest of its style, and then to build upon it by studying the various subjects that it includes in their modern form.

Every time he is led to say to himself: "There, Humboldt was wrong," or "They hadn't found out that yet in Humboldt's day," he will make a dent in his memory and give a flip to his attention that will push him forward in his learning as almost nothing else could do.

Never give up the old, whether men or books, merely because they are old. They may be both more interesting and more useful than the newest or the youngest.

Marriages Not Legal

Consternation has been spread among the respectable married couples of Plougoumen, in Brittany, many of them having discovered that after living together in the state of matrimony for many years they are not married at all.

The discovery was made when a woman who had said that she was married at Plougoumen died in the neighboring village of Lorlent.

When the authorities came to look up the records they could find no trace of the marriage. It was only after considerable search that they discovered that the woman had not been married in the Mairie, but in the neighboring inn.

By the laws of the republic everyone must be married in the Mairie. In easy-going Plougoumen there were scores of couples who had preferred the inn to the Mairie.

Now a terrible apple of discord has been thrown into the hitherto happy village. Wives who were married to their husbands at the inn look suspiciously at their husbands. Husbands in their turn wonder if their wives wish to change.

This Day in History.

This is the anniversary of the death of Edward Jenner, the English doctor, who discovered that inoculation insured immunity to smallpox, which was one of the scourges of the world. He was liberally rewarded by Britain for his great gift.



White Goods That Stay White

If you could see an unused bolt of Fruit of the Loom made years ago, you'd find it as snowy white as any bought yesterday.

Fruit of the Loom is the muslin that has set the standard of high quality for over seventy years.

It launders easily and well. It wears for years. It is easy to sew on. It is reasonable in price.

And it bears a name that has a reputation.

Fruit of the Loom Muslin

Keep your sewing-room stocked with Fruit of the Loom. It will pay you to buy it by the bolt. Ask for the 36-inch width.

Women find such a purchase economical, because there is less waste in cutting.

Think of all the uses you can put it to. Here are a few suggestions: Aprons, nightgowns, pajamas, combinations, men's shirts, children's dresses, rompers, dust-caps, and pillow-slips.

Remember the name—Fruit of the Loom. Identify by the Fruit of the Loom label—picture of fruit in colors. Fruit of the Loom is for sale at every good store.

Made by B. B. & R. KNIGHT, INC.

DOCTORS USE CALOTABS FOR COLDS AND FLU

Influenza and Grippe, Like Ordinary Colds, Require Calotabs, the Purified and Refined Calomel Tablets That Are Nauseless, Safe and Sure.

Doctors are warning the public that simple colds and mild cases of influenza often lead to pneumonia and other serious complications. They say that every cold should receive immediate attention and that the first step in the treatment is to make sure that the liver is active. For this purpose Calotabs, the perfected, nausealess calomel tablets, are the surest, best and most agreeable laxative.

One Calotab at bed time with a swallow of water—that's all, no salts, no nausea, and no upsetting of the digestion and appetite. Next morning, if the cold has remained, your liver is active, your system is purified and refreshed and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. But what you please—no danger.

For your protection, Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. All druggists recommend and guarantee Calotabs and are authorized to refund the price if you are not delighted with

BOOKS

THE GREAT PEARL SECRET. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

These popular authors have spun another tale of vivid and intriguing threads wherein lovable characters figure in an enthralling story.

A famous string of pearls, the gift of the Irish Duke of Claremanagh to his bride, a vivacious American girl, form the central point of interest in this novel which concerns an ultra-fashionable New York set.

Rarely have the Williamsons presented a more entertaining book.

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DOCTORS USE CALOTABS FOR COLDS AND FLU

Influenza and Grippe, Like Ordinary Colds, Require Calotabs, the Purified and Refined Calomel Tablets That Are Nauseless, Safe and Sure.

Doctors are warning the public that simple colds and mild cases of influenza often lead to pneumonia and other serious complications. They say that every cold should receive immediate attention and that the first step in the treatment is to make sure that the liver is active. For this purpose Calotabs, the perfected, nausealess calomel tablets, are the surest, best and most agreeable laxative.